UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1181.

Original Poetry.

LYRIC.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY L. J. CIST.

My weary heart is sad and lone,
Since thou, my love, art torn from me—
Thou, thou hast left my graves
Around mine own most cruelly.

One life was ours—one soul—one heart,
One, till thyself deceived, dreamed not,
I, would have died for thee!

My heart is lone! yet Earth appears
Still full of life, and fair, and love,
As when we wept the childish tears,
That childish griefs and cares will move
To Heaven—and back we go as bright
As Heaven itself can be,
Ere we become new sadness dare,
As if love became hell not, might,
On sundered ties, and broken hearts!

Still round me fits enchanting form,
And joyous tones, bright as of yore
Still smiles Earth gaily—as the storms
Of disappointment and fear there?
But my sad heart is lone and dark—
Life is a wreck—hope gone—
And hell despair its blighting mark!
Hath vamped upon my burning brow!

The youth—and manhood—and the love,
Of Winter rude, across the plain—
Sends sternly, till the storm be past,
Then tears its mantle off again!
But I—the sere and withered leaf—
The lonely, tempest-riven tree—
The broken and down-trodden sheaf—
These—these are they that image me!

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

There ye stand, fatal ark! Thy word I bless;
Thou'lt be watched always by
A "Father to the fatherless,"
Would they but trust in Thee!

As humble and a creature dear,
There't always pleased to see
Trouble and sorrow must depart,
The soul that trusts in Thee.

My Father! hear a suppliant's voice,
Oh! hear an orphan's plea!
Thou've said, "Thy words would make rejoice
The heart that trusts in Thee."

In this, Thy promise, do I rest
And humbly bow the knee,
In sure dark pains I would not roam,
But trust my all in Thee.

Then why should I be e'er distressed,
Since trusting Thee I see
Our monks can never be depressed,
If we will trust in Thee.

When Death shall lay me low in the ground,
Oh! may my spirit flee
To Heaven, where thy saints are found
Who put their trust in Thee!

G. W. D.

Original Tales.

FRANK HAMILTON.
A Domestic Tale.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

"For to the mind that makes the body rich,
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds
So honor peereth in the meanest habit."—Shakes'

CHAPTER I.

The firm of Clifton & Co. was one of your topping firms. Few houses in Philadelphia had ever transacted business on so extended and liberal a scale. Mr. Clifton, and his son, Lemuel Skipwell, the chief clerk, few houses ever would again. The whole town agreed that these two men were the best business men known in the community as Messrs. George and Thomas Clifton. But the whole town was mistaken—for they knew not the latter gentleman. There was but one long head between them—if to be long headed, means to possess a shrewd business mind—and that was owned in undivided right by Mr. Thomas Clifton, the younger brother, who was, in point of fact, the sole manager of the affairs of the firm. Inheriting the estate of a bachelor uncle, the brothers early in life, entered into business, under his auspices; and as the estate, had gone on prospering, till few could say what might be the limit of their wealth.

If Thomas Clifton was remarkable as we have said, for his shrewd common sense, his brother was, in an equal degree, distinguished for the reverse. In all those qualities which go to make a sharp, clear sighted man of the world, he was singularly deficient. He was a man of talents, both natural and acquired, on various learning, though probably ignorant of human nature and of the concerns of every day existence. Well read in books, he was as simple minded as a child, on worldly matters. Credulous from the sincerity and goodness of his nature, he had not been long approached him, to be as honest as himself, and although the repeated instances of deception and ingratitude which he had met with in his career, might have opened his eyes, he was one of those persons who never take advice—never profit by experience—and go through life unschooled by that bitter teacher. He was a man of amiable disposition, indulgent to all around him, and generous to a fault. Yielding and submissive in trifles, he was, however, obstinate and violent if opposed in any of his favorite theories or hobbies, and those who knew him well, seldom opposed him in either. His tastes led him entirely into literary pursuits, which absorbed all his time, and his indolent habits withdrew him almost wholly from society.

Aware of his brother's peculiar tone of mind and affectionately attached to him, Thomas Clifton, in the lapse of years, suffered him to follow the bent of his inclinations, and entire silence wholly from the active concerns of the firm, the whole burthen of which fell upon himself. However, with the hardship he bore. Thomas Clifton was born a man of business—the counting house was his element—and while his brother's deep and varied learning, the whimsies of commerce, unmolested by his brother, George equally engrossed in his pursuits, passed over his head, increased his wealth and his bibliomania had reflected to either; or, infected by some new scheme for bettering the condition of the race, had set apart forth pamphlets and volumes to promulgate his doctrine, which, it is shrewdly suspected, found their way to the fire, unread, or very perused. The expenses of these were no small item in his yearly disbursements.

George Clifton was the husband of a gentle, amiable woman, and at the opening of our tale, when his head was already thickly sprinkled by the hand of time, the father of a family of children, the eldest of whom was but a few years of age; the only survivor of a numerous offspring. Thomas was a bachelor, kind hearted and generous in his feelings, quiet and plodding in habits and manners, and devoted entirely to business.

Whilst the brothers were both single, they lived in a large old-fashioned house, tenanted by the residence of their uncle, which was also their place of business. But upon the marriage of George, a greater style of luxury having crept in upon the habits of the clerk, and the large and increasing means of the firm rendering it expedient, a fine mansion was built, adjoining the old one, which, from the period of the finishing of the new, was always called "the counting-house," although it was still occupied by the younger brother and the confidential clerk, Mr. Skipwell. As time went however, no dividing wall between the gardens, they were, in the rear, like one large dwelling, and the latter ever scarcely more separated than the inmates of one house. It required but a few minutes to translate little Fanny Clifton from her mother's knee in the nursery, to a high stool, at Uncle Thomas's side, in "the counting-house"—the only obstacles being a long flight of stairs, and a trip across the garden, which, to her busy little feet, were no obstacles at all.

One morning, about the period at which our tale opens, Mr. Clifton was informed that an elderly woman was below, and desired earnestly to speak with him. Mr. Clifton said he never want to bid her walk up stairs—when an aged and somewhat shabby woman made her appearance, bearing in the hand an ill dressed delicate looking boy, about nine or ten years of age. When she was seated she entered upon an explanation of the purport of her visit. She informed Mr. Clifton that she was a poor widow who gained her living by keeping a small shop in a neighboring street, and by letting out her only spare room to lodgers. She said that about two years since her room had been taken by a young man of modest and genteel appearance, with one child. She described them as quiet civil people, who kept very much to themselves, and about whom she knew nothing, except that they were correct and scrupulously honest.

"He was very much a gentleman, and she was very much of a lady," she said, "but they never spoke of their family or affairs to her. They were poor she knew, but what Mr. Hamilton did for a support she could not say; something it was to do with writing she was sure, because, after he was too weak to go out regularly, he sat up in bed to write writing and do it in his own room. But at last, sir, he got so weak he could'nt go out at all, and then his wife took up the writing, till about six weeks ago, when one night I was awakened by a loud scream, and hastening into Mrs. Hamilton's room, I found her lying insensible upon the body of her husband, who was stone dead. Poor thing, sir, she never come to after that but to shriek and scream about her husband and child, and at the end of three weeks we buried her along side of her husband. I have kept the little boy since, sir," she continued, "because I had'nt the heart to send him to the poor house. But I am a poor woman, it comes out hard, and I have a family of my own to support with a large family of children that I ought to care for, better a stranger, if I have anything to spare; and as the little one is a pretty child, and that you are a very rich gentleman, I thought I would come and see if you could not do something for him. He is a quiet child, sir, and could run errands and do small jobs in the counting-house very well. Look up, Frank," she continued, giving the boy a little shoulder, "and let the gentleman see your face."

But the poor boy could not obey her. During the recital of the old woman's story, the big tears had rolled down his cheeks, and when desired to look up, he covered his face with both his little hands, and sobbed aloud.

Touched by the tale, and the child's emotion, Mr. Clifton took his seat, and after approaching the boy, he patted his head, and take him he comforted. After putting a few questions to him, he left him in charge of the landed her a bank note, and told her to provide proper clothing for the child, and when it was done to send him to the store. The woman was profuse in her thanks, and soon after departed with the child, highly gratified with her success.

At dinner, Mr. Clifton mentioned to his wife the little boy's history, telling her what he had done, and hoped she would have an opportunity made ready for his reception. At the expiration of a week, Mrs. Jones returned with the child, clearly and neatly dressed. His glossy dark curls neatly arranged, and his large serious eyes swimming in tears at the prospect of leaving the only friend he had in the world. He was committed to the care of the housekeeper, a kind-hearted woman, by Mrs. Jones, who bidding him be a good boy, and be a good boy and make himself happy left him.

"What does my brother mean by sending this little boy into the counting house?" said Mr. Thomas Clifton to his sister-in-law, as he seated himself the same evening in the drawing-room.

"He told me," she replied, "that he was to be your errand boy, and to make himself generally useful."

"Errand boy! generally useful! He had better have apprenticed the lad out with a string, his usefulness, I take it, will be spent with some of my brother's other hobbies."

Mr. Clifton, coming in, his brother spoke to him on the subject, in the same tone.

"Pish, pish, nonsense, Tom," was the reply "the child will do well enough. Boys take in a great deal at his age, and he will be soon, from his knowledge every day. I do not care about his doing any thing just now. I shall provide him with books, and as he appears to have an inclination for it, will get good examples around him, he cannot fail to be a useful and good man."

"Can the lad better send him back to the old woman," said Mr. Thomas, bluntly; "and if you want to befriend the boy, support him and allow him to live with his own kin, but to put to a trade. It would be much better than to leave him to the tender mercy and example of the servants in the counting kitchen and the porter in the counting house."

"I agree with you, fully, brother," said Mrs. Clifton.

"I think it is a very extraordinary thing," remarked Mr. Clifton, angrily; "that I cannot bring my kinsfolk over. They will not accept that my wife and brother do not attempt to interfere and thwart my purpose? It is my will and pleasure that the boy shall be my appointment, and I desire that no more remarks may be made on the subject," and he left the room in high dudgeon, and went out into the yard and played about in the garden, or curled himself up in a chair in the counting house, with a book in hand, unnoticed for, and apparently unmolested by any one.

Mr. Clifton, in yielding in the warm impulse of his heart to the request of his friend, and old neighbor, without reflection, and solely from the strong feeling of compassion elicited by the boy's distress, and the relation of his story. His pity strongly excited, he immediately adopted the old woman's suggestion, and thought nothing could be easier than to serve the little fellow. But on giving him a home and a support, he had done all that he was likely to do. Mr. Clifton's heart was good, but his judgment was defective. He could write a very plausible essay upon the instruction and education of youth, but practically he knew nothing about it. At home only in his library, where he could dash off theories at will, he knew nothing of dry detail, nor did it suit his ardent imagination to enter into it. If any one had whispered to him that in assuming the charge of this little boy, he had undertaken a heavy responsibility, he would have been surprised, he would not have comprehended it! The boy would do well—would turn out a good man, because he had been settled it in his own mind. "Any boy," he said, "who had mastered the knowledge contained in the books he gave him, must prove a virtuous man!"

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"Nothing, mamma, only you know we have both got the same name, his name is Frances and so is mine."

"When you are older, my dear, you will understand the difference between family and Christian names. Our first names are given to us according to the fancies of our parents or friends, and it is just the same with your uncle's as the same as the little boy's."

"Yes, mamma, I know, but Francis has no parents or friends. I asked him what I was playing in the garden this morning, where his mother was, and he began to cry, and told me he had no mother, and no friends at all."

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We do not think all this would have happened, were aware of the "change in the wind," and claims been fewer. But there was something so touching about him—he was so handsome, so docile, and well conducted, that Mr. Thomas involuntarily placed him on the footing which he appeared naturally to claim. And the grateful, affectionate boy never gave him reason to think his kindness had been misplaced.

CHAPTER II.

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"And do you think, Francis," said Mr. Thomas Clifton to Hamilton, "that this scheme of Frank's Kaufe and Bank will succeed? It is a very sensible one, and likely to prove a good speculation?"

"Yes, sir, I do." And Frank explained his reasons for thinking so.

"Well, well, you young people are always full of hope, and I hope it will succeed, in order into it myself, but I tell you what I will do. The sum they require is about equal to that which you have in the bank, and I will make it up to you so well as the profit must be all your own.

Frank thanked his friend warmly, gratefully, for his generosity, and seeing that he was desirous he should follow up his suggestion, he begged leave to throw in his own savings to enroll the sum.

"Why, how is this, Francis?" said Mr. Thomas. "Do you manage to live upon nothing?"

"I have no desire to be rich, sir."

"Don't talk nonsense, boy. Is not wealth the great object which all, the world over, are striving for, and in it not, in this country particularly, a key to all that the rational amusements, particularly, in the means which one can enjoy? Come, come, let me hear your advantages of mind and person, you could chalk out your lot in life, Frank."

"Indeed, Fanny," said her uncle, in a sad, and a faint flush passed quickly over his pale face.

A few months passed Hamilton to have been in the firm. Kaufe and Bank had realized a handsome fortune, and Frank was the possessor of ten thousand dollars.

"Well, Frank, and what about it, Fanny say no more about it," replied Mr. Thomas Clifton, in answer to a remonstrance of Hamilton's; "the money is all yours—all those gains—perhaps when you come to succeed my brother and myself here, and step into our shoes."

"God forbid that should happen for many years yet, sir."

"Why boy, do you wish to tie with us the harness on—never to leave off business?"

"Oh sir, I beg your pardon. I did not understand you—I thought you were alluding to something else."

"So then! you thought I had reference to our final retirement! No, no, my dear boy. I hope to live many years yet—to witness your success and see you happy."

"You are very good, sir, very"—said Frank in an agitated voice. "How shall I ever show my gratitude, my affection to you, for all your kindness! The reward—"

"I don't want any reward boy. I don't want any. I have had it it long ago—I have it now. Stay, here comes my niece—let us turn up the path." They were now walking, during this conversation, in the garden—and as Mr. Clifton spoke, they turned into the principal walk and met Fanny, who was still at a considerable distance from them.

"Is she not a lovely creature?" explained the fond uncle, gazing with delight upon the bright face and springing figure of his niece, who came down the path to meet him.

Frank had a very rebellious fong in his throat—but he contrived to say "yes sir."

"Oh! uncle, I have got such good news to tell you," said Fanny, entering with her disengaged arm within his. "Such delightful news—mamma has consented, at last, to go to Saratoga and to the springs—and if she finds herself better, we are to go to Niagara, and Trenton, and a great many other places. Only think of Niagara, uncle! I have wished to go there so long. Oh! I am so happy—I could cry of now!"

And what of your poor old uncle to do when you are gone, Fanny?"

The bright color faded upon Fanny's cheek, and she hid her face with her head on his large rough palm, she looked child like face and said:

"Dear, dear uncle, I had forgotten that—you will not be with us. We shall be separated from you." Then, as the idea flashed upon her mind, her eye again lighted up, and she exclaimed: "but why cannot you go with us, dear uncle? Then I should have every body with me, that I love in the world."

"No, no, Fanny, I am too old to be coaxed into any such nonsense. But you must write to me often, and that will do as well."

The path certainly became no narrower as they proceeded up the walk, yet Hamilton had fallen behind. Perhaps he thought the conversation was becoming too confidential. We cannot but satisfactory approached the window on the left, heading or not hearing the invitation of Fanny, to walk in, as her uncle passed before her through the open glass door, into the drawing-room, he touched his hat and turned off into the counting-house.

A week after this conversation, Mr. and Mrs. Clifton, and Fanny, departed on their journey, to be gone about a month or six weeks, if they found it pleasant. Meanwhile the time dragged heavily along, with those left behind. The weather was very hot, and neither Mr. Thomas Clifton or Francis, left town for a single day. Even old Skipwell, began to wish that "next year" was upon, and to feel some compunction in remembering how much he had complained of the annoyance of Fanny's piano.

"Music, do you see, Francis," remarked the old man, "it's a thing I hate it, that people never like at first. But somehow, after they get used to it, they can't do without it. It's like the drinking and smoking, and all such luxuries. I used to get sorely plagued with Miss Fanny's piano, and her singing—after making a country entree in the books, and losing the thread of my ideas. But now, I suppose, I have got used to it, and I wish Miss Fanny back again with all my heart, to rattle away some of her merry tunes. It's very gloomy to have 'neat door' shut up so long. I dare say, Francis, you miss Miss Fanny yourself?"

"It's very gloomy," replied Hamilton, without lifting his head from his book, "and I wish, with you, that the family were back again."

"What do you say?" inquired Mr. Thomas, entering the room as Frank spoke.

"We were saying, sir," replied Skipwell, "what we wished Mr. Clifton and the ladies were home. It's so dreadful still and quiet now! dou'"

"I am sure I wish so, too, Skipwell, most devoutly," said Mr. Thomas. "Here, it is nearly nine weeks since they left home, and no mention made yet of returning. Besides which, my brother is spending money a great deal faster than we are making it. Here is a vessel just come up, with the most confused mass of things you can conceive, shipped by my brother in Calcutta, and we have got the valuable books, a miniature printing press, and all its accompaniments for printing, a cabinet of minerals, a patent new English carriage, a cart load of bronzes, casts, and other mementoes, and Indian dresses and weapons enough to supply the whole tribe of the Seven Fetes. It would take an hour to read the list. Besides which, ever since they have been absent, I have been inundated with books, pamphlets, and newspapers. Every paper, periodical, and review in the country, I believe, is sent to our house, and I find myself just over head to tribute to more societies for the suppression or promotion of different virtues and vices, than I ever existed in the world! In short, the very sight of my brother don't some return, I shall start after him. I do but pray he may bring my wife and Fanny home in safety."

His prayer was granted. Mr. Clifton arrived a few days after this with both ladies, safe and sound. Mr. Thomas Clifton and Frank had gone out on a long walk. It was quite dark when they returned, and as they approached the house, they saw lights on the upper floor, glancing all over the long deserted house, and the hall door standing wide open.

"Why Frank, my dear fellow, they are come!" exclaimed Mr. Thomas, mounting the steps with unwonted alacrity. "Come on—let us in this way."

"But sir," said Frank, hesitating, "had I better not wait—another time, perhaps—"

"Nonsense, boy, no time like the present—come now, they will be very glad to see you."

Frank remonstrated no farther, but followed on the house. In the hall they met Mr. Clifton, who shook hands with them in the highest spirits.

"Dear uncle, how are you?" said Fanny running out to meet him, and throwing her arms round his neck.

"Why, my dear, I am very well, thank you, and quite delighted to see you," replied, presenting her kindly to his bosom and kissing her. "What a runaway you have been. I never mean to let you out of my elbow again. What made you stay so long?"

"Oh! you must ask papa that question," replied Fanny, shaking her head playfully, and a bosom smile chasing away the tears that entered her eyes at the question. Who extending her hand to Frank, she said, "How do you do, Mr. Hamilton?"

Frank took the hand which she offered, and looked it with a cordiality that caused Fanny for a moment to raise her eyes in surprise to his face, then followed by the rest, she joined her mother in the drawing room. Mrs. Clifton's reception was as kind and affectionate as ever, and Frank, as well as her brother, was gratified to see no decided an improvement in her appearance and health.

"Oh, yes!" said Fanny, in reply to her uncle's remark, "mamma has got to be quite young and handsome again, you have no idea what a belle she has become, since we have been away."

"And has no body also been a belle?" asked her uncle, gazing upon her admiringly. Fanny had greatly improved during her absence, she looked more womanly, without looking a day older, and her manners had acquired a dignity, a quiet ease and polish which society gives more or less to all its votaries.

"Do you mean me, uncle?" said Fanny, approaching him and parting the hair upon his forehead caressingly. "You know I am not out yet. It will be time enough next winter for me to put forth my pretensions."

"As for that matter," said Mr. Clifton, rather gravely, "if a train of dangling beaux is enough to constitute a belle, Fanny may fairly put in her claim."

"Mr. Hamilton," said Fanny raising her voice.—"Dear papa, I beg your pardon—Mr. Hamilton, how is Mr. Skipwell? I forgot to enquire for him."

Francis assured her that Skipwell was quite well.

"Indeed, Fanny," said her uncle, "you have no idea how poor Skipwell has missed you. But he and Francis can't get along at all, without your music, it seems."

"Indeed!" replied Fanny, dryly, "I did not know that Mr. Skipwell worshipped at the shrine of any of the muses."

"Why it is a pleasure to him, Fanny, and thinks more of you than you deserve. But tell me something of your travels. I want to know what you have been doing."

"Oh, dear uncle!" I have seen more than I can remember in a month. I have been dreadfully spray at Niagara. I have seen a review in Canada; I have been dying with the fever, and disgusted at Lebanon. Besides which I have seen an Indian village, and waltzed at Saratoga with a real English lord."

And which of these novelties pleased you most, Fanny?"

"Oh, the last, dear uncle, of course. How can you ask me such a question! Think of the home! And then I have increased my stock of information so considerably, I have learnt a vast deal about horses and dogs, and hunting in general, and I have acquired a pretty accurate knowledge of the history of Archbishop's horses in particular. Added to which I have been made sensible that the most exalted ambition a young lady can have, is to shoot a bear or trap a buffalo."

"Fanny, Fanny, my daughter!" said Mrs. Clifton, "you must think that disposition insatire. I would rather you looked more to people's good qualities, than to their feebles and weaknesses. It would do more honor to your head, my child, as well as your heart, I assure you."

Fanny defended herself from the charge of severity, and the conversation flowed on until the ladies, wearied by their journey, retired to rest.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

From the Magazines.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR MARCH.

IT IS SAD.

BY HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

It is sad with dark surmise
To watch the lonely waves at sea
On the billow-beaten rock
Dreamily

It is sad as darkness falls
Amid the grimness to anyone of fate,
And the desolate time has come
Desolate!

It is sad to hear the gale
Over a ruined city sweep,
Like a nation's dying wail
Loud and deep.

It is sad to kneel above
The lifeless image of a friend
And feel that the form of beauty
Haunt and end.

But it is sadder far to trace
Genius, loveliness and worth
In a cherished maiden's face
Without truth.

THE SABLE MUFF;
OR,
The Vanquished Belle.

The first cold day that darkens the receding autumn, or, for a young fashionable, one of important and solemnity. It announces winter and its agreeable and smiling cortege. What agreeable does not summon there! Even with all their inventive powers, they ransack their brains in imitation of new modes of adorning themselves. After having invented furs and fashionable dresses, they search through the whole tribe of animals, to find the velvet cheeks earthmeire pelisses, and warm boas.

This was the occupation of Lady Charlotte Lemon, a young widow, and of the inspiring beauties of the season. This day—it was the 15th day of the month of November—was always very cold, and so with a piercing, sharp wind. Lady Charlotte was making active preparations to resume the rigour of the season. Serious reflections, however, found their way even amidst the frivolous occupations of her toilet. The thought of the rapid flight of time, of the days that had passed so quickly, of her eight and twentieth year, which was so near its termination.

Eight and twenty years was certainly not a dangerous age for a woman, and Lady Rose, as she looked at herself in her mirrored boudoir, could certainly say to the sincerity of her heart, that never had she looked more lovely, but. Until then each day seemed to call forth new beauties and graces; to impress new on her impossible; this was why she trembled, knowing that decay quickly follows perfection.

He not therefore surprised at the serious thoughts which presented her mind, as she arranged her winter apparel. There was a redundance attached to each of those articles which had been long forgotten. Was it to dress she had worn going to balls: there the cross-colored winter cloak. Sometimes the muse, which had always been reserved for the ordinary promenade.

In a box of cedar wood lay a sable muff, one of the most beautiful that had been ever produced from the plains of Siberia. As she looked at it, with a melancholy countenance she asked herself—"What events have occurred since the last day I carried that muff; and during the entire season, what may have to befall it!"

In the midst of these philosophical thoughts, you have, I dare say, guessed that Lady Charlotte was a widow, and that from the moment she must try and make much of the time that had left her to decide fate.

Her late husband was both land-tempered and reckless. He was one of those whose love is but lightly felt. He had only married her for self-gratification to his wife during his lifetime, but continued her character after death, in the possession of millions, he had bequeathed the whole of his fortune to distant relatives, whom he had never seen: reserving for his wife but the annuity of two thousand per year. It was a bad enough to support her in the same style she had been used to; she was therefore constantly drawing large sums from the principal. "This is a good way to make no regret him," thought she, on perusing the last will—"I suppose he thought that having nurtured his wife in luxury and expense, his widow will mourn him when she finds herself bound to the most rigid economy; and that in losing him she has lost all. 'If I leave her my fortune, thought he, she will perhaps marry from inclination, and the companions will not be to my advantage: on the contrary, if I leave her nothing, it will be a marriage of convenience, and the second husband will most likely be neither younger or more amiable than myself."

The victim of self-love and jealousy against her departed husband, Lady Charlotte was obliged to receive her small fortune, with all the patience she could command. To renounce it would be to her impossible; her habits had taken too deep a root: shine, therefore, she must, whatever might be the price, so that she had commenced a resolute attack on the capital of her money. She left the future to depend entirely on her wit and charms; and every day felt the figure of a young man who was leaving the shop.

Is it in Augustus?" thought she, as a thrill of delight passed through her whole countenance. But he departed without giving her an opportunity of seeing his face.

Troubled and uneasy, she remounted her carriage, and whether mechanically, or from feeling chilly, she buried her hands in her muff. A paper rustled, which she drew forth, and with avidity read the following lines:—

"You know how long I have loved you! Is it not time to cease these torments, which I can no longer endure? If you pity me, reject not the offer of my hand. The word from you will make me happy or miserable. Speak the word. I will meet you to-night at my sister Meredith's. If silence be not, I shall know that your absence means the rejection of my hand, and that you will no more think of the unhappy

AUGUSTUS C."

It was him then! I thought I could not be mistaken!" cried her ladyship. "But he sees he's to-night. I shall go.

And to prepare for her bright and beautiful future that had opened to in her, Lady Charlotte began by writing to Sir John; the letter contained these simple words:—

I will not come to-night.

The auspicious hour arrived, and she repaired to Belgrave-square.

Mrs. Meredith was alone, and received her as an old friend.

It is an age since I have had the pleasure of seeing you, dear Lady Charlotte! You have arrived from the country, I suppose? How did you amuse yourself during the summer months? They say the winter will be very gay."

"Shall I tell you a secret? I am tired of my self-imposed exile. And you?"

"Apropos! Have you received a letter from my brother, from poor Augustus?"

"I have; it is a letter which has brought me here.

To congratulate me! Yes it is a good match; she's a country girl certainly, but very rich.

"What do you mean?"

"Why you know, since you have received his letter from York, where he is about marrying a rich heiress."

Lady Charlotte was confounded.

"You," continued she, "she's very rich, though her father's name is unknown. I used to think that you would have become my sister-in-law. One night last summer the poor fellow wanted here for you till midnight. The following day he set out for Italy, and you know the remainder."

A new light burst upon the astounded mind of Lady Charlotte. The letter had been written before the preceding winter! Augustus must have alighted it in that day at the masquer's! Oh! why was not the weather cold enough to have prevented her from making use of it. The detestable spring that had come too soon.

Lady Rose slept not much that night, and early the next morning she raised in her bed, and determined of two evils to choose the least: she wrote to the baronet:—

"I wished to try you yesterday evening. It you are not dead of despair, come and receive the answer which I give you.

"I am not dead," replied Sir John, "but I am not ashamed of it. I have been ill, and saving no time to lose I paid my addresses to the other widow, Mrs. Meredith, by whom I am received: it is now too late, my proposals are made, and an old soldier never breaks his word."

You husbands lost! This is a warning to ladies never to neglect their husbands. Whatever the day be sold or not, and never to trifle with any one's feelings from a coquettish love of admiration.

Family Fireside.

DUTIES OF WOMAN.

If we reject, on the one hand the idea of female domination as ridiculous and absurd, we are most equally reject, on the other hand, the idea that the standard of woman's r

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 20, 1841.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, three copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

Communications must be post paid.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

All about us now we find the politicians buckling on their armor for the contest. Our newspapers are full of the claims for this candidate, or that party—of this measure, or of the other. As the Saturday Post is a neutral paper, intended to carry only intelligence, and conscious news to the firesides of many of all parties, our constant task is to keep it always clear of party influences, and even of partizan thoughts. In recording events we aim first and principally at the establishment of the *staple truth*: and where political intelligence comes within our province, we labor to avoid every thing like reference or opposition, which may have a party bias. If facts transpire otherwise than some of our readers would like, at any time, we cannot help that: but they must take our assurance that we do not publish anything which does not upon the best obtainable evidence seem to us to be true.

But political news, even in the warmest days of the coming contest will, we think, be a secondary matter. Any man may have such news, of just such a character as he would like, furnished him in his party paper. In the Post we desire to give the reader refuge from the furious political squabbles which abound every where else; and while we furnish events, returns, &c., sufficient for him who wants facts alone unvarnished, we shall, in the great body of the paper, strive to keep up as agreeable a miscellaneous character. If we fail, the reader, must not blame us, but, if he be an *out*, charge it to the *administration*, till he be ready to say that it is the fault of the *opposition*.

It is intimated in certain quarters, that the speech of O'Connell, of which we have given a brief sketch under the foreign head, is a *hoax*, got up in New York. As the speech, if delivered, was delivered in *Dublin* on the 5th of February, and the packet sailed from *Liverpool* on the 6th, there could have been very little delay to say the least, in supposing, printing, and mailing the document. But we suspect is a genuine, notwithstanding all this.

The death of Marshal Bertrand, so late an honored guest among us, will be heard with regret: and with a feeling of sympathy for his companions and friends, which could only be created by a personal knowledge of the man. Undoubtedly the fatigue of the long journey by land and water was too much for his aged frame, hale as he seemed when among us.

We shall be able in our next paper to say something definite in relation to the articles put in competition for our pictorial prizes.

Under our Congressional head will be found mention of a retrenchment bill. It proposes to reduce the per diem of members of Congress to $6, and the mileage to $6 for every twenty miles travel—the President of the Senate and Speaker to have $8 a day in addition. A great reduction is also proposed in the pay of all the Clerks and subordinate officers of the Government. It is also proposed to abolish several offices.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON.

We learn from the *Baltimore Clipper* that Captain Stockton is gradually recovering from the injuries received on board the Princeton on the 28th, and that nearly all the immediate members of those who were the victims to the fatal calamity of that day, have in the spirit of the greatest liberality contributed of their substance to Captain Stockton the deep sympathy which they feel for him; and have also, in the most emphatic manner, acquainted him with the fact.

It is also stated in the Washington Correspondence of one of the New York papers, that Capt. Stockton, while on the Potomac, on the two or three occasions that he has passed the widow of the late Secretary of the Navy the handsome sum of $10,000.

The Naval Court of Inquiry, appointed to enquire into the accident, has finished the duties assigned and adjourned *sine die*. Their report and upon evidence adduced.—That Captain Stockton did not only upon his own responsible opinion, but resorted to men, of science for practical advice—and that he was fully sustained by their judgment in every particular.—That the conclusions, the opinions of the Court is thus sustained.

"That not only was every precaution taken which skill, regulated by prudence and animated by the loftiest motives, could devise, to guard against accident; but that Captain Stockton, Lieut. Hunt, and Mr. King, the gunner who had attended to and directed all the experiments and trials of those guns, exhibited only a due confidence in what they had witnessed in placing themselves, on every occasion, and fortunately on that Friday, the occasion almost in contact with the gun, and in a position apparently not the most dangerous, from any other, but that which might rationally have been deemed the only perilous situation on board the vessel."

INTERESTING CASES.

The Grand Jury of Washington, D. C. have found several bills, one against Mr. Jonathan Weller, member of Congress from the State of Ohio, for his assault upon Mr Shriver, of Baltimore. This indictment will be tried at the term of the Criminal Court, the session of which has just commenced. The Courts have exercised their power in the punishment of members of Congress for offences committed in the Capital when Congress was not in session. The assault takes notice of however, have usually been of members of Congress who have taken the laws into their own hands by attacking one another. The punishment usually has been by no more than a fine. The Court has the power of imprisonment. The Grand Jury have also found a bill against Mr. Graham, of Va. the moving principal in the duel between himself and Mr. Cochrane. The seconds, Parker and Ashe, are also indicted. Mr. Parker, however, has engaged elsewhere, we believe. Before his "honor" is tried, he must settle that larceny case.

CAUTION.

A lady named Hannah Haines, *residing in* Waterford, Conn., *as we learn from the New London Advocate*, came to her death in a shocking manner on the 3d inst. Feeling unwell in the morning, she went to a cupboard for a dose of salts, which she prepared and took. It was afterwards discovered that she had taken a spoonful of soda used in bleaching. Bleaching salts, or some property speaking, chloride of soda is very generally in use now, in domestic economy, and we are surprised that any person could confound the article with Glauber or Epsom. Still, every thing in the shape of medicine in a house should be labelled.

THE PRIVATE MAIL.

This enterprise does not seem to "flourish." Suits have been commenced in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, against persons connected with the line, and in the Maryland District, we see one case has been decided. It is that of John G. Gilmour, connected with the American Mail Letter Company, who was charged with carrying letters on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad out of the United States Mail, at a regular rate of charge. The decision is, of course, against him. The penalty is fifty dollars.

THE TARIFF.

The following are the main points of the Tariff Bill, just introduced into Congress. Whether it will pass, or whether any modification of the Tariff will take place, at this session, remains to be seen. Meanwhile there are very many of our readers who will like to read a synopsis of the bill.

The bill provides that from and after the 30th day of September next, the duties shall be on entire manufactured wool of the value of 7 cents or under at the place of exportation, 15 per cent. On other wool 20 per cent. Blankets, hats of wool, $30 per 100. Mufflers or fallers cloth, 25. Carpets, &c., 30. Blankets, of the value of 75 cents, 10 per cent. Hosiery, 30. Flannels, 30 per cent. Ready made clothing, including shawls, 35 per cent. Hats, 30. Cotton goods, and cotton twine, 25 per cent. Manufactures of silk, 30 per cent. Bonnet, bleaches, 15 per cent. Sewing silk, 20. Floss silk, 25 per cent. Hats, 121 per cent. Caps, bonnets, slippers, &c., and other silk manufactures, 25 per cent. Manufactures of leather, 20 per cent. Tow and linen, 20. Cotton bagging of whatever material, 30 per cent. Oil cloths, 30 per cent. Iron, in bars or slabs, $15 per ton. Made by rolling, $20. Railroad iron, if laid on the road, $10, 15 and $20. Pig iron, $4. Chains, chain cables, &c., 30 per cent. Old or scrap iron, $6 per ton. Iron wire, from No. 1 to 20, screwed or plated wires, spike rods, nail plates, rolled or hammered for bands, iron castings, rolled or hammered for bands, iron cables or chains, mill irons and cranks, wrought iron anchors, mill saws, and other manufactures of iron, 30. Screws, casked wood screws, 25 per cent. Steel, $1 50 per 112 lbs. Files, manufactured, 30 per cent. Japanned ware, and other articles of tin, 30 per cent. Cotton bagging or batts, 25 per cent. Manufactures of German silver, &c., 30 per cent. Coal, $1 per ton.

Glass, 30 per cent. Decanters, and moulded or pressed glass, 30 per cent. Apothecaries vials, and other bottles, and window glass, 20 per cent. Polished plate glass, 30 per cent. Looking glasses, &c., 30 per cent. Raw sugar, 3 cents per pound. Syrup of cane juice, 3 cents. Sugar candy, 5 cents per pound. Refined sugars and loaf sugar, 5 cents per pound. Spices, pepper and camphor, 15. Ginger, aloes, cuppers, &c., 20. Mace, nutmegs and spices, 30. Olive oil, and oils from foreign fisheries, candles, 30. Salt, instead of 8 cents per bushel, 20 per cent. Beef, pork, flour, potatoes, and fish, 20 per cent. Spirits from grain, 1st proof, 42 cents per gallon, 2d proof, 45 cents, 3d proof, 48 cents, 4th proof, 51 cents; above 5th, 73 cents on spirits other than from grain; from 20 to 70 cents per gallon. On wines of all sorts, 30 per cent. all manufactures of leather, 20. Paper, 30. The valuation of all goods to be ascertained by adding the cost and charges of importation. The home valuation extend 25 per cent. ad valorem, to be reduced to that standard on the first day of September, 1841. Goods imported from within this side of the Cape of Good Hope, may remain in place and sold for 120 days; beyond that 150 days, interest at 6 per cent. added from date of storage.

It is proposed that the maximum duty shall be forty per cent. until 1st of September, 1842, when it is proposed to reduce the maximum duty to 25 per cent.

It is further proposed that the valuation shall be the cost and charges at the places of exportation.

It is proposed that the duties not fixed by this Bill shall be the same as fixed in the bill of 1842.

THE CASTNER FAMILY.

It will be remembered that Joseph Castner, acquitted on our own indictment for the murder of the Castner Family, in New Jersey, was remanded to prison for trial on other indictments When his case came up, he counsel objected that he could not be tried again. The case on this plea was submitted on Friday, and on Saturday Chief Justice Hornblower pronounced the opinion of the Court, remanding the defendant for trial on the second indictment. Castner, accompanied by his father, an interesting old man, was present during the argument. He manifested deep interest in the proceedings, and during their decision appeared was affected to tears. In announcing the decision, the Chief Justice remarked that it had been asked by the Counsel whether the severity of criminal jurisprudence furnished an instance of four or five indictments against the same man, for one and the same offence.

If by one and the same offence, is meant for one and the same act—intent on murder, the Court thought it might safely be answered in the negative. But, if the question is put, whether the common practice of finding several indictments against the same person for several offences of the same kind, committed in the same way, and by the same means, and at the same time, and in the same district, and all about the same time, the answer must be in the affirmative—such instances have happened, and may happen again.

The Chief Justice then illustrated several supposable cases, as, for instance, if a man should rush into a crowd with a drawn sword, and cut down a dozen persons in succession: they were were different acts, and he could be tried for each murder.

So if an incendiary fires several houses within a few moments of each other, he can be indicted on each; but if a person fire a gun into a crowd, and the same bullet kills several persons, he cannot be tried on more than one indictment, because they were all killed by one act and the same act; and if proved innocent of that single act, he is innocent of all its consequences.

The same reason also holds where an incendiary in burning one house causes the death of several different persons.

COST OF RECKLESSNESS.

We have often heard it remarked that the carelessness with which wild animals are now exposed in Menageries would result in accident, but fortunately no fatal one has yet been verified. Herr Driesbach and suite were taking a ride with a pet leopard. The company escaped at a hotel; Driesbach taking the animal with him under his arm. A great crowd of boys, as usual, gathered round, and as Driesbach was about to enter the hotel, one of them, named John Quinn, about ten years of age, stumbled with his head against the leopard's tail. The animal caught the boy by the head, and, burying his claws in the flesh, tore his head into his jaws. The Sun says:

"With an alacrity and daring that does credit to the courage and presence of mind of Driesbach, he snatched the animal from the boy's mouth, and jamming it down his throat, with three fell to the pavement—the leopard, however, would not release his hold, and the screams of the boy, together with the fearful struggle of the beasts, and shouts of the crowd, created a scene of the most thrilling horror, and the spectators, as a matter of course, lost all wide field for the struggle, ample scope having been afforded by the receding throng. Before a knife could be brought, however, Driesbach by thrusting his hand down the leopard's throat succeeded in choking him sufficiently to extricate the boy's head, when he released his own arm and lodged the dangerous animal in his carriage."

The boy is out of danger, and Driesbach proves to be much the worst injured. He is a heroic fellow, with nerves like iron—but if Leopards don't usually bite him, and we believe that other people have not such a private understanding with the creatures. If he persists in exposing himself to danger, he will be bound to do it in such a manner as not to expose others also. We trust this accident will not result in such a foolish and culpable display in future.

METHODIST CONFERENCE.

The Baltimore Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church assembled in this city on Wednesday. Over two hundred preachers, and four bishops are present; and, of course some very able discourses and speeches will be delivered: Prof. Durbin, whose sermons have been so highly interesting to audiences in this city, since his return from Europe, was expected to be present.

PRACTICAL HUMOR.

A waggish boarder at one of our principal hotels, where they are in the habit of putting every man's bill under the door weekly, has nailed a tin sign at the foot of his door, on the outside with the noted inscription, "*Sold no bills here!*" That man deserves exemption from dues, for a year and a day, for his wit.

TERRIBLE DISASTER.

SIXTY LIVES LOST.

Scarcely is the ink dry which records one terrible disaster, before we are called upon to narrate a second. There was a steamboat collision on the 3d instant, near Atchafalaya, by which sixty or seventy persons lost their lives. The steamboat De Soto, while passing down Old River, between three and four o'clock in the morning, came in contact with the steamboat Pennsylvania, which was ascending the Red River. The Pennsylvania struck the De Soto's starboard wheel, and cut down nearly one half of the boat. The De Soto sunk in less than five minutes, up to the hurricane deck. There were 250 persons on board, of whom only one hundred and two were saved. Of the number lost but fifteen are supposed to be white; the rest were negroes and slaves. It is supposed with great that it was impossible to obtain correct particulars of the number lost, or their names. All the officers and crew of the Pennsylvania were saved. Thirty or forty were picked up by the mate in the yawl.

Among those lost and unidentified were Miss Elizabeth Smith, daughter of the late Dr. Smith, and niece to Judge Woodard, of New Orleans; Mrs. J. Bland, and child; wife and child of Mr. Richard King; one of John H. Wyatt; and one of H. M. Hyams: and the wife and seven children of Mr. J. Mc. Mahon. A young gentleman, one of the passengers, who had two sisters with him, lost both; and Mr. Bean and nephew were also drowned.

To the above we add another. The New Orleans Tropic states that on the evening of the 3d, while the steamer Globe was lying at Captain Alexander Gow, was lying at a wood yard at Gretna, on the other side of the river, a short distance above, where the ship Jasper was being burnt with a tremendous explosion, scattering death and destruction around. Captain Gow and his son, and also Mr. Bryant, the chief engineer, as well as seven of the hands, were dreadfully scalded, and two dreadfully burned and severely and were drowned.

FATAL DUELS.

Mr. Ryan, editor of the Dr. Regan of the Vicksburg Sentinel, who was killed in a street encounter about a year ago, has been killed in a duel by Mr. Barnett, editor of the Sentinel, and brother of the member of Congress from Mississippi of that name. They fought with pistols, and at the usual distance. At the fourth fire, Mr. Ryan fell mortally wounded, being shot directly through the body. He survived until the next day. In two of the previous fires Mr. Hammet had been wounded: but the affair was allowed to proceed, without interference with the original terms of the meeting. The same parties had before met and exchanged shots, at 45 yards, on the Island, but had been arranged upon the ground. At so great a distance from the scene it is difficult to judge correctly of the merits of the affair. It is to be hoped it is the last encounter.

A mortal combat took place on the 27th ult., between Mr. Samuel Wimbish and John Baker, in the town of Jackson, Miss. The former, and planters in Louisiana. Mr. Wimbish was shot in the head by a pistol ball, and expired in a few minutes.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.

By the burning of the Cabinet establishment of Mr. Lewis Teuscher, No. 173 Christie St., New York, on Friday night, a loss of life took place. The upper part of the building was occupied by Mr. Teuscher and his family, Jacob Eller, a German, about 28 years of age, his wife, Wilhelmina Eller, 25 years of age, and a child named Caroline about 15 months old. When the alarm was given, Mr. Eller ran down stairs, and having ascertained the extent of the fire, thought it too late to save any of his property, and immediately left look to save his wife and child, but failed in doing so. When the fire was extinguished, the bodies of Mrs. Eller and child were found at the top of the first flight of stairs. It is probable that she was trying to escape, with the child in her arms, when she was found in the back room of the third story, gasping for breath, and soon after expired. Mr. Teuscher had his face badly scorched. His two children and niece escaped.

MARYLAND.

The Maryland Legislature adjourned *sine die* on Saturday night. The Assembly have acted by this body during the session just ended, is three hundred and sixty. The bill for the sale of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and of Internal improvement passed the House of Delegates, but was rejected by the Senate. A bill was passed to remove the jurisdiction of several indictments against the same person for several offences of the same kind, committed in the same way, and by the same means, and at the same time, and in the same district, and all about the same time, the answer must be in the affirmative—such instances have happened, and may happen again.

The Chief Justice then illustrated several supposable cases, as, for instance, if a man should rush into a crowd with a drawn sword, and cut down a dozen persons in succession: they were were different acts, and he could be tried for each murder.

So if an incendiary fires several houses within a few moments of each other, he can be indicted on each; but if a person fire a gun into a crowd, and the same bullet kills several persons, he cannot be tried on more than one indictment, because they were all killed by one act and the same act; and if proved innocent of that single act, he is innocent of all its consequences.

The same reason also holds where an incendiary in burning one house causes the death of several different persons.

COST OF RECKLESSNESS.

We have often heard it remarked that the carelessness with which wild animals are now exposed in Menageries would result in accident, but fortunately no fatal one has yet been verified. Herr Driesbach and suite were taking a ride with a pet leopard. The company escaped at a hotel; Driesbach taking the animal with him under his arm. A great crowd of boys, as usual, gathered round, and as Driesbach was about to enter the hotel, one of them, named John Quinn, about ten years of age, stumbled with his head against the leopard's tail. The animal caught the boy by the head, and, burying his claws in the flesh, tore his head into his jaws. The Sun says:

"With an alacrity and daring that does credit to the courage and presence of mind of Driesbach, he snatched the animal from the boy's mouth, and jamming it down his throat, with three fell to the pavement—the leopard, however, would not release his hold, and the screams of the boy, together with the fearful struggle of the beasts, and shouts of the crowd, created a scene of the most thrilling horror, and the spectators, as a matter of course, lost all wide field for the struggle, ample scope having been afforded by the receding throng. Before a knife could be brought, however, Driesbach by thrusting his hand down the leopard's throat succeeded in choking him sufficiently to extricate the boy's head, when he released his own arm and lodged the dangerous animal in his carriage."

The boy is out of danger, and Driesbach proves to be much the worst injured. He is a heroic fellow, with nerves like iron—but if Leopards don't usually bite him, and we believe that other people have not such a private understanding with the creatures. If he persists in exposing himself to danger, he will be bound to do it in such a manner as not to expose others also. We trust this accident will not result in such a foolish and culpable display in future.

METHODIST CONFERENCE.

The Baltimore Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church assembled in this city on Wednesday. Over two hundred preachers, and four bishops are present; and, of course some very able discourses and speeches will be delivered: Prof. Durbin, whose sermons have been so highly interesting to audiences in this city, since his return from Europe, was expected to be present.

PRACTICAL HUMOR.

A waggish boarder at one of our principal hotels, where they are in the habit of putting every man's bill under the door weekly, has nailed a tin sign at the foot of his door, on the outside with the noted inscription, "*Sold no bills here!*" That man deserves exemption from dues, for a year and a day, for his wit.

MESMERISM.

A correspondent at Belleville, Illinois, writes: "They are destroying thieves and finding stolen goods, in these parts, now, by means of *Mesmerism*. Wondrous are the things wrought in our age!"

FIRE IN NEWARK, N. J.

The United States Hotel, the most extensive establishment of the kind in Newark, took fire on Tuesday morning, and was consumed. It was occupied by Mr. Bennett, who had just recently all their furniture. The building was the property of John H. Stephens. Together with the furniture destroyed these three buildings. Among the losers were the publishers of the Newark Advertising Post, which establishment was burned.

MORE INNOVATIONS.

The Turkish Government, following the example of Mahomed Ali, is about establishing a line of steamers between Constantinople and Alexandria. One hundred Englishmen, with a skilful engineer at their head, have already arrived at Constantinople, and are about to commence their work. From this small beginning will probably be dated another of the great and important changes for which this century will be remarkable.

STATISTICAL WISDOM.

An English paper states that nearly the whole of the forty-five millions of Sovereigns are worn out stockings. So nearly all the inhabitants of Africa go without pocket handkerchiefs; and that a fifty dollar note of the Bank of Georgetown, S. C. The genuine note has Washington and Lafayette on it, and is worth a hundred. This counterfeit had a female figure and an eagle on the right, and the word Fifty on the left. Vignette, Railroad and Cars.

Popular Lectures.

GLIDDON'S LECTURES.

THE ARCH IN MASONRY.

The Egyptian Arch, its origin, history and form of the arch, and then proceeded to show its early formation: in Greece and Rome. The Roman arch of the Coliseum, known to have seven hundred years. Danaus, who was probably the brother of Ramses the Fourth, fled from Egypt to Greece and founded the dynasty of the Danai, wherein Myceræ, with its ruins of Egyptian structure, now stands. Therefore the Egyptian arch was known in Greece before the arch from Egypt. The Greeks derived their knowledge from foreign sources, which were probably Egyptian; and when Mr. Gliddon, if we find arches in Egypt that antedate the 15th century, may we not consider them Egyptian?

He then proved the prior date of the arch in Egyptian architecture, by stating that it existed in the Pyramids of Ghizeh, known to have been built in the reign of Psametic the Second. Another discovered by Colonel Vyse in 1837, near the Pyramids of Gizeh, bears the same date as that of Zaccara. At Abydos, there is an arch in the temple of Menepthis First, who flourished in 1604, B. C. This arch antedates the emigration of Danaus one hundred and thirty years, therefore we get at once beyond Troy and the Egyptian arch existed before.

In another part of his lecture, he alluded to bricks and their uses in Egypt. Sun burnt bricks are made of the mud of the Nile, mixed with stubble or straw and moulded by the hand, have been for ages, and are now the common material for building in Egypt. Exposed to the action of the sun from two to four thousand years, the surface often remains as perfect as if just finished.

In Ancient Egypt, bricks for Government works were made for Government account, and by the Government. Others bear the name of the Pharaoh, in whose reign they were made. The sun-burnt brick was often used by the Egyptians in building: and Egypt has the tomb; and by the humble in rearing their dwellings. The two Pyramids of Dorpour, one of 215 feet and the other of 156 feet 7 inches in height, were made of these sun-burnt bricks. The bricks of which one is composed are cemented by a coat of plaster, which has been preserved, and this coat of plaster ranges from eighteen to fifteen hundred years B. C., corresponding to the exact date of the pyramids, which have been found to make brick in Lower Egypt. Mr. Gliddon then applies these data to the construction of different arches, and to the bricks employed in the Nilotic Valley, antedating 3000 B. C.—at the lowest computation. The instances adduced by the lecturer in his beautiful pictorial illustrations, carried back the use of bricks in Egypt through the respective reigns of Ramses Third, before 1565—Amenophis Third, 1632—Thothmes Fourth, 1740—Amenophis Second, 1817—Osirtasen Second, 2080—and Osirtasen First, 2356. The establishing the arch five centuries before the Exodus, eight centuries before the fall of Troy, five centuries before the Egyptian and Phœnician and Greece: and fifteen centuries before the arch of the Coliseum, fell into the Gothic Maroon. If, said Mr. Gliddon, we find on the arch in the Pyramid of Memphis, we find its absolute principle, for here is to be seen the origin of the arch, and the conclusions of Herschel, &c. remarked, that with a people highly intellectual as were the Egyptians—whose priority in the arts and sciences we now establish—the peculiar vault of heaven must have suggested the dome. The starry firmament at once indicated the arch and the lore have persisted out its progress.

Ancient and modern travellers from Herodotus and Diodorus down to poor Mr. Sid. Buckingham, say that it does not rain in Egypt, and as we hear what an Egyptian says on the subject, we think we can safely consider one. He tells us that in Lower Egypt and the Delta in the winter it rains a great deal, and that rain sometimes continues for as you descend the Nile toward the Mediterranean. Here he says he knows it to rain twenty successive days; at Alexandria, known for its April, the rains are frequent on the winter proverbially, and that it is at the junction of the Canal and Nile. Here in the grand plains of rain in winter, and it is the most sloppy, muddy, drizzly spot in these latitudes. In Middle Egypt it rains every winter, but mostly sharp showers. The average at Cairo will be three rainy days a year—perhaps twelve hours of rain in twelve months.

Notices of the Dead.

DEATH OF A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.—Died, on the morning of February 11th, at ten o'clock, at the residence of his son, in North Woodbury township, Bedford county, Pa., Henry Kider, a revolutionary soldier of 1776, who had lived to see a numerous offspring of the second and third generation, of one hundred and ten years and six months.

DEATH OF JOHN ELLIOTT.—Elliott, for many years Assistant Postmaster, at Albany, N. Y., died in that city on Monday. He had lived there from his boyhood, and had been in office during Postmaster for many years, and was much respected. His health has been failing for a year past.

DEATH OF JUDGE DUVALL.—We learn from the National Intelligencer, that Hon. Gabriel Duvall, formerly one of the Justices of the United States Supreme Court, died at his seat in Prince George's County, Md., on Wednesday night of last week, in the 93d year of his age.

☞ The Juniata Times announces the death of the Hon. Amos Gosline, of that county, late a Representative in Congress. He died at his residence in Lost Creek Valley, on Sunday last, after an illness of several months.

Political Intelligence.

NOMINATIONS.

In our last we had space only briefly to notice the nominations made by the two conventions which assembled at Harrisburg. We now present the reader with the most important nominations made by each convention:

The Whigs nominate

GOVERNOR,
GEN. JOSEPH MARKLE,
Of Westmoreland.

CANAL COMMISSIONER,
SIMEON GUILFORD,
Of Delaware.

SENATORIAL DELEGATES TO THE NATIONAL CONVENTION,
WILLIAM B. REED,
Of Philadelphia.

JOHN STROHM,
Of Lancaster.

The Representative Delegates to the Convention are left to be selected in each district. The sense of the Convention was in favor, as a matter of course, of Henry Clay for President. The Electoral Ticket determined on in the Whig Convention is as follows:

CHESTER H. BUTLER,
Of Luzerne.

TOWNSEND HAINES,
Of Chester.

DISTRICT ELECTORS.

1st District—Jas. G. Gardner, of Philadelphia.
2d " —Jno. Page, do.
3d " —John D. Nouvenel, do.
4th " —Jno. R. Lippincott, do.
5th " —Hezekiah T. McDowell, of Bucks Co.
6th " —Benj. Eyre, do.
7th " —Isaac W. Vanleer, of Chester.
8th " —Jno. Hickman, do.
9th " —John B. Hester, of Berks.
10th " —John Strohm, of Lancaster.
11th " —Alex. L. Brown, of Northampton.
12th " —Jacob Fry, Jr. of Berks.
13th " —Jno. Ritter, of Northumberland.
14th " —Jno. Scott, of Allegheny.
15th " —Fred'k. Watts, of Cumberland.
16th " —Dan'l. M. Smyser, Adams.
17th " —James Mullen, of Mifflin.
18th " —Andrew J. Ogle, Somerset.
19th " —Dan'l. Weidenhamer, Bedford.
20th " —John L. Gow, Washington.
21st " —Wm. Wilkins, of Allegheny.
22d " —Jno. Dick, of Venango.
23d " —William A. Irvin, Warren.
24th " —Thomas Henderson, of Tioga.

The Democratic Convention nominated as candidate for

GOVERNOR,
HENRY A. MUHLENBERG,
Of Berks County.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,
JOSHUA HARTSHORN,
Of Chester County.

The following are the Democratic Delegates to the National Convention, instructed to vote for, and use all their influence to effect the nomination of MARTIN VAN BUREN for President, and Col. Richard M. Johnson for Vice President.

SENATORIAL.
BENJAMIN H. BREWSTER,
Of Philadelphia.

HENDRICK B. WRIGHT,
Of Luzerne.

REPRESENTATIVE.

1. William Haleman, Philadelphia
2. Joseph Barker, do.
3. Major Jacob Gross, do.
4. Benjamin Mears, do.
5. David Jones, Delaware.
6. Stephen L. Roberts, Bucks.
7. John Hackett, Chester.
8. Col. Reah Frazer, Lancaster.
9. Hon. Jas. Porter, Berks.
10. Hon. Jas Parker, Dauphin.
11. Luther Kidder, Luzerne.
12. Col. Seth Chapman, Bradford.
13. Hon. Ellis Lewis, Lycoming.
14. Hon. E. B. Hubley, Northumb.
15. Dr. Alexander Small, York.
16. James M. Power, Huntingdon.
17. Gen. A. P. Wilson, Huntingdon.
18. Hon. Jas. Irvin, Centre.
19. Gen. Henry D. Foster, Westmoreland.
20. Hon. Wm. Beatty, Fayette.
21. Col. Wm. Wilkins, Allegheny.
22. Hon. Jno. Dick, Venango.
23. Hon. Thomas Henderson, Tioga.
24. Hon. John Brodie, Butler.

And the following is the Democratic Ticket for Electors.

SENATORIAL ELECTORS.
WILSON M'CANDLESS,
Of Allegheny.
ASA DIMOCK,
Of Susquehanna.

DISTRICT ELECTORS:

1. district George F. Lehman, Philadelphia
2. " Thomas Bull, do.
3. " William B. Smith, do.
4. " John Hill, do.
5. " Samuel E. Lewis, Montgomery.
6. " Samuel Camp, Lehigh.
7. " Owen Shafer, Berks.
8. " Dr. N. W. Dougherty, Lancaster.
9. " William Hiester, Berks.
10. " Conrad Shuster, Northampton.
11. " Stephen Balliet, Luzerne.
12. " Jesse Brewster, Tioga.
13. " Samuel Linn, Potter.
14. " Nathaniel B. Eldred, Dauphin.
15. " W. B. Irvine, Adams.
16. " James Woodcock, Cumberland.
17. " Wm. Wilkins, Allegheny.
18. " Col. Andrew Ogle, Somerset.
19. " John Mathews, Cambria.
20. " William Hopkins, Washington.
21. " Andrew Burke, Allegheny.
22. " Jno. Mc. Berry, Beaver.
23. " Christian Myers, Clarion.
24. " Jno. Galbraith, Erie.

APPOINTMENTS.

John C. Calhoun has been appointed and unanimously confirmed, Secretary of State. It is also stated that Ex-Governor Shannon, of Ohio, has been nominated Minister to Mexico and Captain William C. Bolton, U. S. Navy, to be Chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repairs of the Navy; and it is rumored that the Hon. John Y. Mason, late a member of Congress, and now United States Judge in the eastern district of Virginia, will be Secretary of the Navy. Hon. Silas Wright has been offered the vacancy upon the Bench of the Supreme Court, and his friends say that he has positively declined.

Appointed in a list of minor nominations, confirmed by the Senate.

Amos J. Rowe, Indian Agent at St Peters.
Also stated that Ex-Governor Duval, late Senator from the Eastern District of Florida, from 14th March, 1845, when Florida was admitted.
Seth T. Otis, to be Consul at Hayti.
Thomas Hall, to be Consul at Tampico.
Alexander Dimitry, to be Consul General to Egypt.
Thomas Everett, to be Consul at Tunis.
Thomas W. Ludlow, to be Judge of the United States District Court for the Northern District of Florida.
Collectors of the Customs, &c.—John O. Dickey, Collector of the Customs for the District of Pittsburgh.
Wm. Reynolds, Collector of the Customs for the District of Erie.
Peleg Barstow, Collector of the Customs for the District of Newport, Rhode Island.
Thomas Hunt, Collector of the Customs for the District of Bridgeport, Connecticut.
Thomas Ewing, Collector of the Customs for the District of Vermont.
Thomas Hunt, Collector of the Customs for the District of Oswegatchie.
Wm. Hunter, Collector of the Customs for the District of Genesee.
Wm. B. Mercer, Surveyor and Inspector of Revenue for the Port of Pittsburgh.
Thomas W. Hay, Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue for the Port of Erie.
Lewis Sayre, to be Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue for the Port of Newport.
Alexander Thompson, to be Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue for the Port of Bridgeport, Connecticut.
Alfred Palmer, to be Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue for the Port of Vermont.
Peter Bryan to be Appraiser for the Port of Charleston, South Carolina.
Francis Cabot Lowell, to be Appraiser for the Port of Boston, Massachusetts.
William Gibbes, to be Appraiser for the Port of Charleston, Kentucky.
John Ray Anderson, Deputy Postmaster, Chillicothe, Ohio.
Thomas Shaw, Deputy Postmaster, Dayton, Ohio.
James W. Greenleaf, to be Deputy Postmaster at Vicksburg, Mississippi.
Samuel F. Bear, to be Deputy Postmaster at Lancaster, Pa.
Alexander Thompson, to be Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue for the Port of Bridgeport, Connecticut.
Alfred Palmer, to be Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue for the Port of Vermont.
Peter Bryan to be Appraiser for the Port of Charleston, South Carolina.
Francis Cabot Lowell, to be Appraiser for the Port of Boston, Massachusetts.
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Samuel F. Bear, to be Deputy Postmaster at Lancaster, Pa.
Charles S. Blake to be Deputy Postmaster at Bangor, Maine.
Isaac Sherman, Jr., Deputy Postmaster, Bridgeport, Connecticut.
Wm. C. Lane, Deputy Postmaster, Cumberland, Maryland.
Alexander Guh, Deputy Postmaster, Norfolk, Virginia.
Nicholas D. Coleman, Deputy Postmaster, Vicksburg, Mississippi.
Joshua H. Coffeen, Deputy Postmaster, Florida, Alabama.
Joshua H. Coffeen, Deputy Postmaster, Florida, Alabama.
Stephen R. Mallory, Deputy Postmaster, Pensacola, Florida.
Stephen R. Mallory, Deputy Postmaster, Pensacola, Florida.
Ex-Register of the Land Office at Shawneetown.
Ex-Register of the Land Office at Vincennes, Indiana.
Thomas Bacon, Receiver of Public Moneys at Detroit, Michigan.
Thomas Bacon, Receiver of Public Moneys at Detroit, Michigan.
George L. Ward, Receiver of Public Moneys at Chillicothe, Ohio.
George L. Ward, Receiver of Public Moneys at Chillicothe, Ohio.
Abraham B. Morton, Register of the Land Office at Monticello, Mississippi.
George B. Smith, Receiver of Public Moneys at Spring-field, Illinois.
George Jeffries, Receiver of Public Moneys at Milton, Indiana.
Wm. H. Wheatland, Receiver of Public Moneys at Vincennes, Indiana.
Samuel Judah, Receiver of Public Moneys at Indianapolis, Indiana.
John W. Arch, Register of the Land Office at Crawfordsville, Indiana.
Albert Heilenman, Receiver of Public Moneys at Milwaukie, Wisconsin.
John Hogan, Register of the Land Office at Dixon, Illinois.
George W. Cole, Receiver of Public Moneys at St. Augustine, Florida.

New Jersey.—The bill changing the Congressional Districts of New Jersey, except the first and fifth, has passed the Legislature. By it Monmouth and Burlington compose the second district, Hunterdon, Mercer, Middlesex, and Somers, set the third; and Sussex, Warren, and Morris, the fourth.

Election in New Orleans.—An election was held in New Orleans on Monday the 8th of February, for a State Senator, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Hoa, and also for a member in the room of the Representative, Mr. Sidell, by a majority of 418 over Rouzion, Whig.

Massachusetts.—The bill to elect members of Congress by districts coming on to-day, it passed the Massachusetts House of Representatives on Thursday. It has yet to pass the Senate; and, if we understand it provides only for an election by plurality after a failure to elect by a majority.

☞ Judge Hayly has been unanimously elected to the vacancy occasioned in the next Congress in the Accomac District, lately represented by the Hon. Henry A. Wise. Hill Carter, Esq., has been nominated by the Whigs.

☞ Dr. Smith, an intelligent and perfectly well informed German of Cincinnati, says that the third of the voters in Ohio are Germans or descendants of Germans; and that 10,000 more will be naturalized this year.

☞ The Nauvoo Times and Seasons says that, en masse deliberation, the Mormons do intend to vote their votes either for Van Buren or Clay, but for General Joseph Smith.

☞ The Hon. John S. Pendleton, of Virginia, has solicited his recall from the mission to Chili, and may be expected in the United States in August next.

Our Traveller.

THE WAR OF THE RUSSIANS IN THE CAUCASUS.

This unfortunate war of the Russians has already cost that Empire of the North more lives and treasure than the crusade against Napoleon and the Polish Revolution. The Caucasians exhibit to the world that they are truly the parents of our race, and possessed of all the cardinal virtues for which that race in the progress of its development has been distinguished.

Bravery is one of their distinguishing traits of character, and to this is added that peculiar activity and moral elevation for which the mountaineers are always distinguished. The war of the Russians against the Caucasians resembles the campaign of Bonaparte against Ireland. It is carried on, on the parts of the assailants with various success: but no sooner do they gain a seeming advantage, and think of resting them

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LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new terms of subscription.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of

MR. C. J. JAMES, Germantown street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, *south of* Lake Michigan, and will receive the Cash, Orders, Claims against Subscribers, &c. &c.

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HENRY M. LEWIS is authorized by us in Alabama to receive subscriptions.

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THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

JAMES SMITH, collector, Nashville, Tenn., for town, and state of Mr. Gales' residence.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to receive Cash, Orders and Claims against the United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Budget paper* may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

A TREATISE ON THE LORD'S SUPPER. *Designed as a Guide and Companion to the Holy Communion. By the Rev. Edward Bickersteth. From the Ninth London Edition. Revised and adapted to the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, by Lewis F. W. Balch, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Perth C. New York: Stanford & Swords. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* Such was the title of a book issued by the American public by the late Dr. Bedell, of this city. Few American editions have been entirely exhausted, and this fifth, with one in England, within a few months, is the character and excellence of a treatise which has been only twenty years before the public. Such a work is a practical instruction upon the Nature of the Sacrament, and the *Preparation* necessary for a due participation in the full, &c.

The Author took up the bill to incorporate the Oregon Fur Company; the question was on adopting Mr. Benton's amendment, which is to limit the stockholders individually liable. Mr. Clarke, of Rhode Island, moved to amend the bill so that none of the company shall serve exceed half the amount of the stock paid in, at any one time, and any stockholder voting contrary thereto, to be individually liable which was adopted, with further amendments to the same importance, and the bill passed three several readings.

The act supplementary to the act incorporating the Spring Garden Insurance Company was amended by the insertion of the individual liability clause, and passed. Several other private bills passed final reading.

The House. Mr. Whitman introduced a resolution instructing the Committee on Ways and Means to report a bill to suspend the appropriations to common schools for five years. The resolution was taken up and debated some time—Messrs. Brady, Whitman and Smith, of Lancaster, advocating, and Messrs. Nebeker and McFadden opposing it. At length a recess for dinner prevailed.

Several bills were read in place and reported. A bill to annex Lancaster county to the Middle Judicial District of the Supreme Court and to appointment to the act incorporating the Phœnix Insurance Company of Philadelphia, each passed three readings.

The Senate, Tuesday, March 12. The Bill to sell the State works was debated.

The joint resolution relative to a national road to Erie were negatived on final reading without a division.

The House, the local Election District Bill passed final reading.

The Election District Bill was received from the Senate. Motions were made to re fer it to members from city and county and to members from the city alone, and pending the question on these motions, the hour of adjournment arrived.

Congressional.

In Senate, Wednesday, March 6. A large number of petitions were presented, and the private bills disposed of. Among the resolutions were: Of the Legislature of Vermont, in favour of Texas; to take Texas into the Union as were referred, the question of reception of the memorial was laid upon the table. Resolutions were presented from the Kentucky Legislature in favor of completing the connection of the Ohio waters Lake Erie and the Ohio River, and in favor of reducing the rates of postage. Both of these took place on the bill to adjust certain claims of the State of Illinois, Western States.

In the House, the private bills were taken up, but was so amended as to forbid officers from receiving any other pension at the same time. The Naval Appropriation Bill was reported, committee of the whole. Mr. Rhett of Virginia Legislature were presented, in answer to the resolution of Mr. Calhoun, relative to the State representation. They were referred to a select committee. The Committee on Public Lands, was, providing for the casting of votes for President and Vice President on the same day in all the States was taken up. Mr. Sargent

In Senate, Thursday, March 7. Mr. Archer moved to take up the bill to incorporate the Bank on the day previous presented in the House. The Senate then took Mr. Semple's Oregon Resolution and Mr. Miller spoke at length in opposition.

In the House. The, morning hour was occupied in the bill to authorize the Committee of Ways and Means to report a bill to suspend the distribution of the deposits. The bill to regulate the time of holding presidential elections came up, and Mr. Clingman addressed the House in reply to Mr. Daniels. The bill to make appropriations for the support of the West Point Academy was taken up. Mr. Cushman in the chair. Mr. White till the hour of adjournment. Mr. Hall of New Hampshire offered a substitute for the bill, disbanding the Establishment. Several amendments to the bill were adopted—but reserved.

In Senate, Friday, March 8. After the presentation of petitions, &c., the Senate went into executive session.

In the House the Rhode Island matter occupied the morning hour.

Mr. McKay, from the Ways and Means reported a bill to amend the Tariff Act. It was read twice and referred to the Committee of the Whole. [An analysis of the bill will be found in another part of this day's paper.]

A bill was reported from the Committee on the Judiciary, to amend the act for the punishment of forgeries and certain officers of Government. The object is to bring the same punishment to relation the salaries of officers of certain bureaus.

A joint resolution, reported from the Committee on Naval Affairs, was passed, requesting the President to return thanks to the officers and crew of the British ship Malabar for their assistance in extinguishing the fire on board the United States steamer Missouri.

In Senate, Saturday, March 9. The Senate did not sit.

In the House, the morning hour was taken up with speeches on the Rhode Island difficulties. The rest of the day was spent on private bills.

In Senate, Monday, March 11. The Senate held a short session. On the bill for the support of artillery in the Capitol yard having declined to take the bill.

Mr. Wise Johnson moved to lay upon the table, but withdrew the motion. It was then passed by another member, and carried 28 to 6.

A resolution was adopted, which provides that in future, instead of two-thirds, a majority shall have the power to suspend the rules, in order to go into Committee of the Whole on any bill; also to discharge the committee from any consideration of a bill at any time.

Twenty thousand copies of the new tariff bill were ordered printed, with the report. A resolution to print so many copies of the minority report failed being laid upon the table, ayes 85, nays 70. A resolution was offered that the tariff bill shall be made the special order of the day for the 25th instant, and every day thereafter until finally disposed of. Giving rise to debate it was laid over.

The Committee on Territories reported a bill extending the civil and criminal jurisdiction of the courts of the territory of Iowa south and west of said territory to the Pacific. This bill extends said jurisdiction "east of the Rocky Mountains, from latitude 42 degrees south to 54 degrees forty minutes of north latitude," gives 640 acres of land to each inhabitant of any State or Territory who may have hereafter or may hereafter remove to that country and cultivate and use the same for five years; also, 160 acres to the wife of each inhabitant, and the like quantity to each child taken there, by being in the family at the settlement. It further provides for the appointment of another Judge of Iowa, who is to reside in Oregon, and for the appointment of justices of the peace. The sum of one hundred thousand dollars is appropriated to build forts on the main pass to Oregon, and within it, and to carry into effect the other provisions of the bill. The bill was referred to Committee of the Whole, and ordered to be printed.

In Senate, Tuesday, March 12. Mr. Rodman, of Pennsylvania, made a short speech in favor of the Oregon resolution, and by far the most important, and most argumentative speech which has been made on that side of the house. He was followed by Mr. Calhoun, who spoke against the expediency of discussing the matter at this time

In the House, the morning hour was taken up with the Rhode Island debate. The West Point Academy was again discussed in Committee of the Whole—the question being on its appropriation, as moved by Mr. Hale of N. H. Mr. C. J. Ingersoll spoke eloquently in defence of the Academy.

Army & Navy.

UNITED STATES HORSE ARTILLERY.—Captain Ringgold's company of U. S. Horse Artillery, are at present temporarily quartered in Washington city, and on Monday paraded in full dress uniform, in the vicinity of the Capitol, firing their pieces and going through all the evolutions of active service, with a celerity, which excited universal admiration. The performance was creditable alike to the commander, his officers, and men. It is stated, however, that the concussion from the rapid discharges of the guns destroyed a large number of the lights in the windows of the Senate Chamber, and compelled that body to adjourn its sitting for the time.

Lord Morpeth is to be presented to Parliament, and Captain Howard, his brother, the present member for Morpeth, will accept the Chiltern Hundred.

Miscellaneous News.

PORT OF NEW ORLEANS.—The number of vessels in port on Saturday, March 2nd, was 178 of 70,000 tons, of which were American; 64 British; 5 Bremen; 2 French. Their aggregate tonnage is about 127,084 tons, viz—American vessels, 50,000; British, 40,987; Bremen, 2,028; French, 852.

ANOTHER DEATH FROM PRIZE FIGHTING.—Bill Ford, who fought in a prize match with Tom O'Donnell, on Long Island, a few days ago, has died of the injuries then received. O'Donnell has been arrested. It will be remembered that Ford was one of the rescued at the killing of McCoy.

AN EDITOR PROMOTED.—We are always happy to see a brother editor promoted. The Journal of the Messenger, is the Editor of the Cin. Stone, of the *New York* Commercial, as a Chief of their tribe, for his valuable Biographical Sketch and Red Jacket. His new name is Sagoyewatha.

☞ Wm. Stone, convicted of gambling in New Orleans on the 29th ultimo, was on the same day sentenced to three months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of $1,000. If such is the punishment no wonder there are gamblers. Excessive punishment defeats its own purposes.

UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—The number of students in the various departments of this institution for the past year is 307, classified in the new catalogue as follows.—Medical students, 223; Academics, 145; Members of the German School 212.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—A box of goods recently sent upon a sidewalk at Boston, marked for Noer Skode. The editor of the Mail thinks the place must be somewhere "down east," and is glad that the schoolmaster was out of town when the box was marked.

ASHES.—An active mind knows how to turn an honest penny. A man, near Troy, has for years purchased and sold ashes he could get at 12½ cents per bushel, and after taking out 20 cents worth of potash from each, sells the ashes to the farmers for 12½ cents a bushel.

☞ A correspondent of the New Haven Courier, writing from Middletown, Ct. 9th instant, states that Lorain Hall, Bethuel Roberts, and William H. Hall, have been formally indicted for the murder of Mrs. Bacon, in September last. The trial has commenced.

☞ The State of Maine is paying a premium for her own stock, the Treasurer having purchased State scrip, having a little over a year to run, at 5 per cent. advance. Perhaps Maine would like a little Pennsylvania Stock she can have it at a better bargain.

☞ The Public Debt of Mexico is estimated at $82,000,000. The annual income is estimated at $4,000,000. The actual income from all sources of revenue is about $12,000,000, and the annual appropriations of the government are little over this sum.

GEOLOGICAL.—In excavating for the coal gas company in New Orleans, the workmen, after passing through three layers of clay, struck, at the depth of 30 feet, a vein of fresh water, and at the depth of 40 feet, a vein of salt water. The latter was out of town when the box was marked.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE LIVERPOOL

TWO DAYS LATER.

By the arrival at New York, of the packet ship Liverpool, we have foreign dates two days later; and the two days' news embodies some items of more than usual interest.

It was said that the excitement in the cotton market was abating, though prices remained firm. There is nothing of consequence, additional to what we had by the steamer.

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE.

It would appear that the Right of Search Treaty does not set well on the French since the Americans refused to join them in a note in reply to inquiries from Lord Roughan, the Earl of Aberdeen, stated that France had proposed alterations in the Right of Search Treaty concerning the Right of Search, and that he could not say what would be the result. He said no effort would be spared to destroy the Slave Trade, but that the first object of Great Britain must now be the preservation of peace between the nations of Europe. They must not risk that first and greatest blessing for the sake of any work of supererogation or humanity. To this end no effort would be spared to destroy the Slave Trade.

GEOLOGICAL.—In excavating for the coal gas company in New Orleans, the workmen, after passing through three layers of clay, struck, at the depth of 30 feet, a vein of fresh water, and at the depth of 40 feet, a vein of salt water. The latter was out of town when the box was marked.

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Selected Poetry.

THE WORLD FOR SALE!

The world for sale!—Bring out the sign,
Call every traveller here in sight,
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
And set my wretchedness right?
I'm going to leave, I mean to fly,
I'm sick of earth and sick of sin;
I'll sell it, whatever it may bring!
The world at auction here to-day!

It is a glorious world, they say,
Has any one bought one as sure?
It is too wicked and too pure?
For sale!—it shall be mine no more;
Come, name it ere I shall withdraw!
I never knew my purchase dear;
Who'll buy? who'll buy?
Who bids?—who'll buy my splendid sun?

Here's wealth in glittering heaps of gold!
Who bids?—But let me tell you first,
I never bid wherewith to curse—
Who'll buy the luxury heaps of care?
And here, spread out in gilded show,
A goodly semblance all my years!
Ambition, fame, fierce hate, and love—
Who'll buy himself a burial place?

Here's Love, the dreamy, the divine!
The tissue flings around the heart;
Here's Friendship!—Who'll buy my wares?
The gaudy—Leave and I must part!
Here's Truth, that shines through all,
All over the enchanting cloak will fall!
Who'll buy the pleasures, flying down
A brook of broken sparkles?—Who
Will buy?

And Gentleness—mirror gem of earth—
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
Fresh, fickle, false, and little worth—
Who bids for Vengeance?—Who for Hate?—
I'm going!—going!—hear the call—
Ambition, fame, and power—no very low!
These were my hopes, my stay, my all—
Who now the mockeries will take?

Fame! hold the brilliant meteor high,
How dazzling every gilded word!
To millions! now's the time to buy,
How much for Fame? how much for Fame?
Hear how it thunders!—World, you stand
On high Olympus, for nothing!
Now purchase, and a world command!
And be with a world's torture mad!

Sweet star of Hope! with ray so shine
In every dark beclouding cloud,
Whose love deepening out of mine—
Who bids for Hope? who bids for love?
All!—but not mine a hankering lot;
Mine is the luxury of despair;
But hope and I are out of stock,
Nor may come again.

Ambition, fortune, fame and pride,
Ye golden dreams all forever now
Cloud on me, eternal flying tide,
Her taught my haughty heart to bow,
I touch you not, all is changed,
I weep, yet proudly kiss the rod,
The best of all I still have left—
My Faith, my Bible and my God.

Tribute to the Great.

THE

WORTHIES OF VIRGINIA.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

The *Worthies of Virginia!* Well may the eye kindle, and the pulse throb, as we approach a theme so majestic, so full of lofty and patriotic associations.

Even like the heroes of Ossian, each leaning from his cloud of mist, do we behold the noble army of Patriots, Orators, and Statesmen swaying by us in the staircase and gallery of other days! Virginia! a name associated with the proudest days of English chivalry in its second baptismal with the blood of freemen. In all ages the patriot of every land shall turn his face thitherward and do homage, even as the pilgrim at the shrine of Mecca.

The Worthies of Virginia! Let us pause ere we enter their shrine sacred penetralia. Centuries disappear, and we behold a princely saloon in which are congregated stately dames and gallant knights, the grace and the chivalry of Old England. A haughty princess, with an air of stiff courtesy—her queenly bearing half disguising her woman's coquetry—is presenting a parchment to a knightly courtier, who kneels to receive it.

They are the Queenly Elizabeth and the Chivalric Raleigh. The noble, generous, accomplished, but unfortunate Raleigh.

The parchment contains letters patent, granting him full power "for the discovering and settling of new lands and countries, not actually possessed by any Christian." Under these auspices was the country now called Virginia, discovered; and thus it is that Sir Walter Raleigh must be claimed as one of the early worthies of the State, as without his persevering enterprise, this "goodly country" might have remained still longer unknown.

The early discoveries give the following descriptions of the country, which would of itself be found sufficiently inviting at the present day: "The soyle is rare plentiful, sweete, wholesome, and fruitful of all others: there are many strange beasts, also of sundry sorts: certain tymbre trees: the most part of the underwood Bayes and such like: such Oakes as we have but far greater and better.

Years pass away, with their sufferings, trials, and disappointments, and another of the Worthies of Virginia appears upon the stage. A man distinguished by all the constituents of greatness, by all the attributes of a hero. Intrepid, brave, generous and persevering, dazzled by no perils, dismayed by no hardships, his name, virginia stood personified the dim mist of futurity, and beheld, though "as in a glass darkly," yet did he behold something of the ultimate greatness of the country for which he toiled and suffered. "In perils by land, in perils by sea, in fasting, in cakes-time," a cautious and condemned to die, he neither shrunk from his purpose nor quailed beneath the storm, inspite him on, and the same heavy, anxiety of hope sustain him in every danger.

John Smith, or as the chroniclers of the day invariably distinguish him, "Captain John Smith," was one of the most extraordinary men of the great age in which he lived. He should be regarded as the shadowing wing of Virginia: for to his valor, skill and judgment in counteracting the malice and folly of great Powhatan, may she be said to owe her very existence.

There is still another, the beautiful personation of all that is lovelier and purer and the meek, loving child of the forest, whose history seems like a tale of romance, if the former were anchorly close—who rises like a beam of beauty upon the sight, winning the admiration and gratitude of every heart, capable of one solitary response to all that is lovely in woman and heroic in our race.

That blessed Pocahontas, the great king's daughter of Virginia." (In quoting adoringly of not loving language of "Captaine John Smith.") I cannot forbear, in those dark and perilous times like some kindly spirit, hushed the strident of savage passion, and mutually subdued counsel to the embarrassed exile, and with her own gentle bosom warding off all the evils that threaten the infant colony of Jamestown. Entwined even upon the kindly escape, the love-lorn of the Worthies of Virginia!

But we will delay no longer to enter the vestry of before the temple of America's lady pantheon. With hushed breath and reverent footsteps, enter with sandals put from off our feet, we set us approach the shrine of all that is great and glorious!

Washington, the great amongst the augusts of the earth. The son of Virginia: but she must not, she dare not engross him. His fame is the world's. It belongs to the length and breadth of the great country that he was instrumental in redeeming from oppression. He, Heaven has given forth wherever the stirrings of freedom have been felt. Wherever liberty hath spread her glorious pinions her name will be magic—her watch word from the vale and mountain top—her song of triumph for ever. Washington! The deep peal of thine name, like the hearings of the great ocean, reverent that one name from the lips of the cliffs of Oregon still onward to the snow-capt Andes, and the mighty Alleghany to each the accordmany peaks and glittering glaciers. Let Virginia exult that the cradle and the tomb of earth's greatest belong to herself; but let her exult with awe and hilloed reverence—for the wife earth shall claim him, and his constage shall be erected in the heart of every freeman.

Let us lay aside the prejudices of party, and get the instructions engendered by political excitement, and look upon the Worthies of Virginia in their simple greatness; not as popular leaders, but the seeing and prophetic statesmanship patriots, zealous and uncompromising adversaries for the rights of liberty without license, and equal republicanism without anarchy and misrule.

Jefferson, the sage and the philosopher! He leaves in his hand that noblest of all documents not the result of inspired wisdom, the Declaration of American Independence: a document, that Americans can regard in a spirit more of strong and fervid eloquence, of manly remonstrance or of deep and solemn, and often as every way sustained and wonderful. The writer speaks as if he felt himself to be the voice of a great and outraged people, giving indignant utterance to the many wrongs and oppression, and in the face of Heaven, and the whole earth for witnesses, declaring they shall be redressed no longer.

Had Thomas Jefferson done nothing more than this, had he no other claims upon the remembrance of the country, it were glory enough for one man. Wherever oppression has pinched his feet, the indignant freeman spurns him from the soil, in the very language which the gifted Jefferson adopted for our own sagacious and troubled country.

James Madison—the accomplished scholar, the astute expounder of the constitution! Madison! Monroe and Jay, noble triumvirate! With what assiduous labor did they lend their splendid talents to the task of recommending and elucidating that constitution prepared for their adoption, and that too to a people jealous of their rights, who had toiled and bled to their definition, and were ever the last alert, lest the revolution they had achieved should result only in a change of masters—a people subtly and virtuously resolved to see to it that they did not exchange the glorious conception of a foreign power for the equally to be dreaded tyranny of aspiring demagogues. Such a people would require the most lucid explanations with distrust and suspicion; and whatever appeared to favor high the general principles of those they had delegated to legislate for them, was met with scrutiny. Then was published the *Federalist*, a work that will bring impredictable fame to the great men who were its patriotism and public spirit called it into existence.

James Monroe—the upright and modest republican! Others may have been more brilliant, but no one ever more implicitly illustrated in his own practice, the simple dignity and straightforward integrity to public duty, becoming the chief magistrate of a great Republic. At last, as if to affix the final seal of worthiness upon him, he was suffered to depart upon our great day of national jubilee; the 4th of July, and we, the people, to Presidents! and ever eminous to tyrants.

Patrick Henry!—The school-boy as he reads of Demosthenes and Cicero, and feels his blood kindle at their eloquence, instinctively turns to the fervid oratory of our own gifted countrymen, and triumphantly cries the last, darling Patrick Henry, as worthy to compete with the great orators of Greece. The boy's eye glows with enthusiasm over the splendid diction and elegant imagery of the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, or the Roman. Half in wonder, half in dread, he pauses over the keen, cynical Ramsay, whose sarcasms were as stinging as their audacious as the nettle on the burr that annoys the wool of the passing flock.

John Marshall! Who shall worthily describe that great intellectual lineage the worthies of Virginia? He who were so meekly the inheritor of his father's virtues. Amidst still fall and profound, let his evening grave be his eulogy. Not a stain hath laid upon the spotless ermine! With all truth hand did he presume to touch the ark of our liberties. Woe to him, who should profane, even with a touch, our holiest of holies; yea, though it may shake and tremble with the fumils of prejudice or excitement.

But we must forbear. It was but a reverent glance that we wished to take of the few amidst the many worthies of Virginia. Let us yet rise, faces, for we have been with the great of the earth. Rather let us go forth from this inner temple, bearing with us a portion of their own spirit. With lips touched as with a live coal from the pure altar of freedom.

Let Virginia be proud, as she well may, in view of the great men who have risen up in her midst; let her exult in her great glory; but let her see to it, that her march be still onward, that her rising seem be worthy of such fathers. Let her not be content with childish retrospection, looking backward forever upon the radiant scroll of fame, upon which is blazoned the names of the great men of old, but let her proclaim her their parent. But let her go on, pointing to those grand names as an inducement to her onward career, glorying in her resplendent heritage, yet ever, with an emulous ambition, resolving that of her it shall never be said —her glory is departed.

Selected Articles.

LIFE'S ERRORS.

What if, in that stillness! some,
To which our cares and fears are alien,
The things of earth, and time, and fate,
Shall pass before us in review,
Shall we review our life's slow way,
To weave anew the broken thread?
And by heaven's power mend errors
That we wish to don with all?

Oh, what a wonderous change will pass
Over all that we have done and been!
Darkly we see, as though a glass,
What the (on-side) have to face be seen.
The nothingness of all we prized,
The vanity of all for which we sought,
The worthlessness of many deemed
The worth of all we counted not.

Purchase, it shall not then be rare,
To buy the truth, though it cost tears,
Its discovery shall have no fears
As to the monster's eye appears.
We then clearly shall behold our friends,
Our eyes shall read their course below,
And know if they be friends indeed
Abased by many a needless woe.

Our youth was passed in vision dim,
In heeding the wraith of heart,
Our manhood had the same rain
Or watching all those dreams depart,
Till age came down left of all
Except a useless grief to rue
The errors of a pilgrimage,
Which, now, if we would, were—

Or is something to be done?
Face, weak architect of we,
Let idea live more and stay,
But twas our hand that made them so
We need more drives (in)
To teach our hearts alike to shun
The errors of the days gone by
The better art of living now.

Turn we not then with weak despair
From how betrayed and faith deceived,
Nor let the heart grow cold
Nor lose the hope of loving more.
Take home this lesson—it is well,
As error life's darkness (in)
Oh! we can never love too much,
If we will only love aright.

FRENCH COURTSHIP.

A husband and wife have a son, one-and-twenty or thereabouts, and a daughter, whom they wish to see suitably married. Another husband and wife have a daughter somewhere younger, whom they also wish to see "settled in life." The former couple are anxious friend that they wish to see their son married, naturing the sum they purpose to give him as a portion, and intimating that they will be happy if their friend should be also, in a few words, to tell them of any of his who has a daughter whom he wishes to see married, and who can give the same portion to her. The parents of the young lady make the same communication to some friend in reference to her. The friend of the family, in either case, then transfer to his own mind the names of both the families, in the same station of life, with whom she is intimately, and forthwith the young lady or young man is off to the house of the young daughter of the other family, as his friend is willing to give with their son. He commences the negociation by remarking, "I have a friend who has a son, aged so-and-so, who wishes to see him married, and is willing to give him a certain sum as his portion. You have a daughter a few years younger, (or of the same age, as the case may be.) I think you are disposed to give a similar fortune with your daughter, that is very suitable and mutually advantageous match might be made between the parents." If the person agrees, which is almost invariably the case, it is immediately arranged that the parents of the two young persons, and the young persons themselves, should meet some early evening at the house of some friend, in order that the latter may have an opportunity of seeing how they like each other, before any further steps are taken. If the parties, after an interview of the object for which they are to meet, and asked to endeavor to make themselves as agreeable as possible. They accordingly meet, and are introduced to each other in company where their presence will excite no remark, if agreeable to themselves, of seeing one another; because they conceive that each would prove conducive to their mutual happiness. A few evenings are spent in this manner, in a very vague and general character, and not having the slightest reference to the circumstances or to reference to which they have been brought together. The evening is then fixed on for the young persons, on their return home, are respectively asked by their parents how they like the young man? "Oh, very well indeed," is the answer. "Do you think you could love him?" "Oh, I don't know, I suppose I could." "Do you think you could be happy with him?" "Oh, I don't know, I suppose I could." "Do you think you could be happy with him?" "Oh, I don't know, I suppose I could." "Do you think you could be happy with him?" "Oh, I don't know, I suppose I could." "Do you think you could be happy with him?" "Oh, I don't know, I suppose I could."

Choice Selections.

THE BOOK-KEEPER'S PLAINT.

[A few weeks ago we published in the Time, "The Song of the Book-keeper." The following imitation is from the Charleston Courier.]

With complete quire bagged and bullet,
With a pen behind each ear,
I present a customer I follow
Through the counter.
Where's write, write?
Have the former-master's expert a clear
Title to his wages?
Where's the bookkeeper? darken the air
In the specious labor of wrotting the quill
Where's write, write?
Where's the bookkeeper? go to a bump,
I can't write now!
Till the quill is worn down to a stump,
Scribbler, and blotter,
Into, balance and debtor,
Till my pocket
An opaque or herebloom,
And I cannot distinguish a letter
Where's write, write?
Let bookkeeper's write!
Where's write, write?
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Scribbler, and blotter,
Into, balance and debtor,
Till my pocket
An opaque or herebloom,
And I cannot distinguish a letter
Where's write, write?
Let bookkeeper's write!

Journal and waste book and ledger,
Ledger, and waste book and journal,
Journal, and waste book and ledger,
No change in my plans,
I'll be there presently,
Is their postage a 6-per-pleasant
Where's write, write?
Let there's write, write? and crow's feather is in hand.
Over ledger of interest I constantly steal,
Till cent. count! count! count!
Half of dollar and dime,
Half of bookkeeper's work.
And blend to my pocket some to mount

Oh, men to heavy bred,
Oh, men to heavy bred,
Oh, men to heavy bred,
As an evil your wages,
Till in the world
Till the air wrapped sad
For a reaches life's pen,
Seeks to fly from the lonely's sad wood.

Like the wanderer in the forest, I am doomed,
My curse is or to labor, is sung
And we have my death doomed
By says that to fancy having
Is a fearful thing.

From the three scores and ten were allotted to man,
By only twenty-one years have I counted,
And a fraction of this thousand
Is the number of days I have accounted to carried
The number of days which never pauses,
But multiply rather no pause.

A FAIR HIT.

The last number of the Nantucketown Herald contains a capital hit at a certain class of our population, not many miles off. "Will any one dollar for gal baldies for themselves, but not a cent for spelling books for their children?

"In you know, my dear sir," said one gentleman to another, a few days since, "that I gave two dollars a year you can have Black-wood's Magazine, a publication which, from the time of Christopher North and Timothy Tickler, has been constantly overthrowing with classic and good sense. Baltimore Sunday." I have stated the same price you can have the Knickerbocker, or Graham's Magazine, which are the stories of literary gems from American authors, and by their publication you are thereby forming the taste of your fine sons and beautiful daughters."

"Why, the fact is, my dear fellow," replied the other, "I once took a good deal of pleasure in reading such things myself, but my sons are so confoundedly crabbed and hard, that I cannot even find time for a newspaper. As for my boys and girls, they had better be out instead of doing boys learning to read and cipher, small boys and girls were taught in the old school master's time, and they were taught by the old school master's rule—the school master's birch. And I remember, when I was a boy, after a mild snow, the door had been left open by some careless young gent, when to the unspeakable horror of the spectacled dame and her fourscore hopeful scholars, an enormous bear walked in, in the most familiar manner in the world, and took a seat by the fire. Huddling over the brothes as fast as they could, the children crowded about their venerable instructress, and she herself in the corner of the room, and there they stood crying and pushing to escape the horror of being eaten first. The bear sat smelling and warming himself by the fire, showing great signs of satisfaction, but putting off his meal until he had warmed his stomach. The screams of the children ceased, but the school house was filled only in a change of masters—a people subtly and virtuously resolved to see to it that they did not exchange the glorious conception of a foreign power for the equally to be dreaded tyranny of aspiring demagogues. Such a people would require the most lucid explanations with distrust and suspicion; and whatever appeared to favor high the general principles of those they had delegated to legislate for them, was met with scrutiny. Then was published the *Federalist*, a work that will bring impredictable fame to the great men who were its patriotism and public spirit called it into existence.

James Monroe—the upright and modest republican! Others may have been more brilliant, but no one ever more implicitly illustrated in his own practice, the simple dignity and straightforward integrity to public duty, becoming the chief magistrate of a great Republic. At last, as if to affix the final seal of worthiness upon him, he was suffered to depart upon our great day of national jubilee; the 4th of July, and we, the people, to Presidents! and ever eminous to tyrants.

Patrick Henry!—The school-boy as he reads of Demosthenes and Cicero, and feels his blood kindle at their eloquence, instinctively turns to the fervid oratory of our own gifted countrymen, and triumphantly cries the last, darling Patrick Henry, as worthy to compete with the great orators of Greece. The boy's eye glows with enthusiasm over the splendid diction and elegant imagery of the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, or the Roman. Half in wonder, half in dread, he pauses over the keen, cynical Ramsay, whose sarcasms were as stinging as their audacious as the nettle on the burr that annoys the wool of the passing flock.

John Marshall! Who shall worthily describe that great intellectual lineage the worthies of Virginia? He who were so meekly the inheritor of his father's virtues. Amidst still fall and profound, let his evening grave be his eulogy. Not a stain hath laid upon the spotless ermine! With all truth hand did he presume to touch the ark of our liberties. Woe to him, who should profane, even with a touch, our holiest of holies; yea, though it may shake and tremble with the fumils of prejudice or excitement.

But we must forbear. It was but a reverent glance that we wished to take of the few amidst the many worthies of Virginia. Let us yet rise, faces, for we have been with the great of the earth. Rather let us go forth from this inner temple, bearing with us a portion of their own spirit. With lips touched as with a live coal from the pure altar of freedom.

Let Virginia be proud, as she well may, in view of the great men who have risen up in her midst; let her exult in her great glory; but let her see to it, that her march be still onward, that her rising seem be worthy of such fathers. Let her not be content with childish retrospection, looking backward forever upon the radiant scroll of fame, upon which is blazoned the names of the great men of old, but let her proclaim her their parent. But let her go on, pointing to those grand names as an inducement to her onward career, glorying in her resplendent heritage, yet ever, with an emulous ambition, resolving that of her it shall never be said —her glory is departed.

Selected Articles.

LIFE'S ERRORS.

What if, in that stillness! some,
To which our cares and fears are alien,
The things of earth, and time, and fate,
Shall pass before us in review,
Shall we review our life's slow way,
To weave anew the broken thread?
And by heaven's power mend errors
That we wish to don with all?

Oh, what a wonderous change will pass
Over all that we have done and been!
Darkly we see, as though a glass,
What the (on-side) have to face be seen.
The nothingness of all we prized,
The vanity of all for which we sought,
The worthlessness of many deemed
The worth of all we counted not.

Purchase, it shall not then be rare,
To buy the truth, though it cost tears,
Its discovery shall have no fears
As to the monster's eye appears.
We then clearly shall behold our friends,
Our eyes shall read their course below,
And know if they be friends indeed
Abased by many a needless woe.

Our youth was passed in vision dim,
In heeding the wraith of heart,
Our manhood had the same rain
Or watching all those dreams depart,
Till age came down left of all
Except a useless grief to rue
The errors of a pilgrimage,
Which, now, if we would, were—

Or is something to be done?
Face, weak architect of we,
Let idea live more and stay,
But twas our hand that made them so
We need more drives (in)
To teach our hearts alike to shun
The errors of the days gone by
The better art of living now.

Turn we not then with weak despair
From how betrayed and faith deceived,
Nor let the heart grow cold
Nor lose the hope of loving more.
Take home this lesson—it is well,
As error life's darkness (in)
Oh! we can never love too much,
If we will only love aright.

FRENCH COURTSHIP.

A husband and wife have a son, one-and-twenty or thereabouts, and a daughter, whom they wish to see suitably married. Another husband and wife have a daughter somewhere younger, whom they also wish to see "settled in life." The former couple are anxious friend that they wish to see their son married, naturing the sum they purpose to give him as a portion, and intimating that they will be happy if their friend should be also, in a few words, to tell them of any of his who has a daughter whom he wishes to see married, and who can give the same portion to her. The parents of the young lady make the same communication to some friend in reference to her. The friend of the family, in either case, then transfer to his own mind the names of both the families, in the same station of life, with whom she is intimately, and forthwith the young lady or young man is off to the house of the young daughter of the other family, as his friend is willing to give with their son. He commences the negociation by remarking, "I have a friend who has a son, aged so-and-so, who wishes to see him married, and is willing to give him a certain sum as his portion. You have a daughter a few years younger, (or of the same age, as the case may be.) I think you are disposed to give a similar fortune with your daughter, that is very suitable and mutually advantageous match might be made between the parents." If the person agrees, which is almost invariably the case, it is immediately arranged that the parents of the two young persons, and the young persons themselves, should meet some early evening at the house of some friend, in order that the latter may have an opportunity of seeing how they like each other, before any further steps are taken. If the parties, after an interview of the object for which they are to meet, and asked to endeavor to make themselves as agreeable as possible. They accordingly meet, and are introduced to each other in company where their presence will excite no remark, if agreeable to themselves, of seeing one another; because they conceive that each would prove conducive to their mutual happiness. A few evenings are spent in this manner, in a very vague and general character, and not having the slightest reference to the circumstances or to reference to which they have been brought together. The evening is then fixed on for the young persons, on their return home, are respectively asked by their parents how they like the young man? "Oh, very well indeed," is the answer. "Do you think you could love him?" "Oh, I don't know, I suppose I could." "Do you think you could be happy with him?" "Oh, I don't know, I suppose I could." "Do you think you could be happy with him?" "Oh, I don't know, I suppose I could." "Do you think you could be happy with him?" "Oh, I don't know, I suppose I could."

Choice Selections.

THE BOOK-KEEPER'S PLAINT.

[A few weeks ago we published in the Time, "The Song of the Book-keeper." The following imitation is from the Charleston Courier.]

With complete quire bagged and bullet,
With a pen behind each ear,
I present a customer I follow
Through the counter.
Where's write, write?
Have the former-master's expert a clear
Title to his wages?
Where's the bookkeeper? darken the air
In the specious labor of wrotting the quill
Where's write, write?
Where's write, write? go to a bump,
I can't write now!
Till the quill is worn down to a stump,
Scribbler, and blotter,
Into, balance and debtor,
Till my pocket
An opaque or herebloom,
And I cannot distinguish a letter
Where's write, write?
Let bookkeeper's write!